

DIE LEERE MITTE

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B E R L I N

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.....

```
#include <stdio.h>
int main()
{
    printf("Hello, Berlin!");
    return 0;
}
```



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Guidelines

Broadly accepted: Experimental and conceptual writing, theoretical papers, asemic and concrete texts, vispo, theorems, axiom collection, quantum weirdness, reviews of books addressing these topics and the like.

Texts: poetry (60 lines max. overall); prose (500-600 words max. overall). *Format:* Times New Roman 12; single line spacing; all in one .doc or .odt file. *Languages:* Catalan, Croatian, English, French, German, Italian, Russian, Spanish.

Visual: 1-3 B&W images. *Format:* jpg, tiff, png, 72-300 DPI.

Simultaneous submissions are welcome, provided that the piece is withdrawn if accepted elsewhere, as well as previously published works when properly credited. Each issue will be free to download (.pdf). A printed version will be made available through KDP/lulu for collectors. No reading fee; no payment or copies to contributors at present. Authors assume responsibility for the originality, intellectual property rights and ethical implications of submitted works.

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Massimiliano Damaggio · *11 words path*

άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white
άσπρος	white

aspro	sour
-------	------

wüste	desert
vasto	huge

amara ημέρα, amarela	bitter day, yellow
----------------------	--------------------

yellow, yellow
gwelw

yellow, yellow
pale

geal
glas glas

white
blue blue

glas

gray

sky, sky
sky
σκιά

sky, cloud
sky
shadow

scuro

dark

otte? notte
trannoeth?

dawn? night
tomorrow?

notte

night

mels meli, mels
mels, méleos mels

black lie, black
black, vain black

mélynas?

blue?

mels
mels

black
black

mels

black

lua
lea, lua:

moon
lea, moon:

loirinn

shining

peito preto
preto preto peito

black chest
black black chest

perto

near

peito perto
preto

near chest
black

preto preto preto
peito preto
perto

black black black
black chest
near

perto peito
perto

near chest
near

lea, lua,

lea, moon,

light

light

sol: súil?

sun: eye?

dia: dia?

day: god?

[index: *h₂esp- / *h₁weh₂- / *h₂eh₃- / *ǵ^helh₃- / *(s)kewH- /
*nók^wts / *mel- / *lewk- / *peg- / *sóh₂wł / *dyé^zws]

Antonio Devicienti · Ein Haus in Tübingen

[2] 1 Haus in Tübingen

Mit Scardanelli

«im Grunde deines Mundes»

[die Dichterin hinterläßt unsichtbare Spuren im Hölderlinterum]
[es sind Spuren im Licht]
[es sind Spuren in der Luft]
[... Spuren im Mund der Sprache]

● 0093
0093 0093 0093
0093 0093 0093
0093 0093 0093

im Munde der Sprache
im Munde der Sprache
im Munde der Sprache
im Munde der Sprache

Scardanelli
kalligraphisch kalligraphisch

sie schreibt ins Gästebuch ihren Namen
sie schreibt 40 Texte zum Thema ScardanelliHölderlinHölderlinterumTübingen
sie schreibt (sehr leise) mit den Fingern ans Fensterglas
sie schreibt mit den Augen durchsichtige Worte

istand mir offen bei

> kaum berührt sie die Fensterscheibe <

im Grunde
deines Mundes

im Grunde

im Grunde

im Grunde

meines Mundes
unseres Mundes

heilighütternes Tübingen

Flusz / fließen

fließt
fließt

zu Indiern gegangen (Höl) ER öffnete den Mund: ZUM SPRECHEN ZUM SCHWEIGEN : im Ab-
grund

die Treppen im Turm

dichterisch

ich öffne ein Fenster

um die Sprache
zu beschreiben

: EJ = Ernst Jandl → → → → → 2 Wiener Wohnungen: 1, wo *er* wohnte, 1, wo sie wohnte UND DANN (nach *seinem* Tod) beide bewohnte sie allein bis zu *ihrem* Tod ABER DEN RAUM *DIESER* SEITEN BEWOHNEN beide NOCH

readers come in and decode traces, silences, shadows

:: der Text *mit Scardanelli* ist im Buch von Friederike Mayröcker Scardanelli zu lesen, Suhrkamp Verlag, Frankfurt a. M. 2021, Seite 12 ----

es sind Spuren wie geschriebene Worte wie gelesene Worte wie gesagte Worte : im **Mund**

die **Fenster** (im Hölderlinturm) + schreibende Finger + sprechender **Mund**

/ F. Mayröcker *Hölderlinturm, am Neckar, im Mai* (in *Scardanelli*, Seite 7) ich öffne ein Fenster /

(Scardanelli im Halbschatten der Zeit)

(Scardanelli bewohnt uns)

::: zu *Indiern gegangen aus Andenken* (Friedrich Hölderlin)

Se cerco di compitare la lezione politica che mi è sembrato di poter cogliere nella vita abitante del poeta nella torre sul Neckar, posso per ora soltanto «balbettare e balbettare». Non ci sono lettori. Ci sono soltanto parole senza destinatario. La domanda «che cosa significa abitare poeticamente?» aspetta ancora una risposta. Pallaksch. Pallaksch.

Giorgio Agamben, *La follia di Hölderlin. Cronaca di una vita abitante 1806-1843*, Giulio Einaudi Editore, Torino 2021, p. 223

Liebe FRIEDERIKE, ich hätte Sie gerne in meinem Leben persönlich treffen wollen : passiert ist das leider nicht : : ich treffe Sie aber jeden Tag im Raum Ihrer Bücher : : : ich komme ans FENSTER Ihrer Welt und SCHAU und HÖRE ZU und schreibe und schreibe und schreibe : : : per passione e per persuasione. [A. D.]

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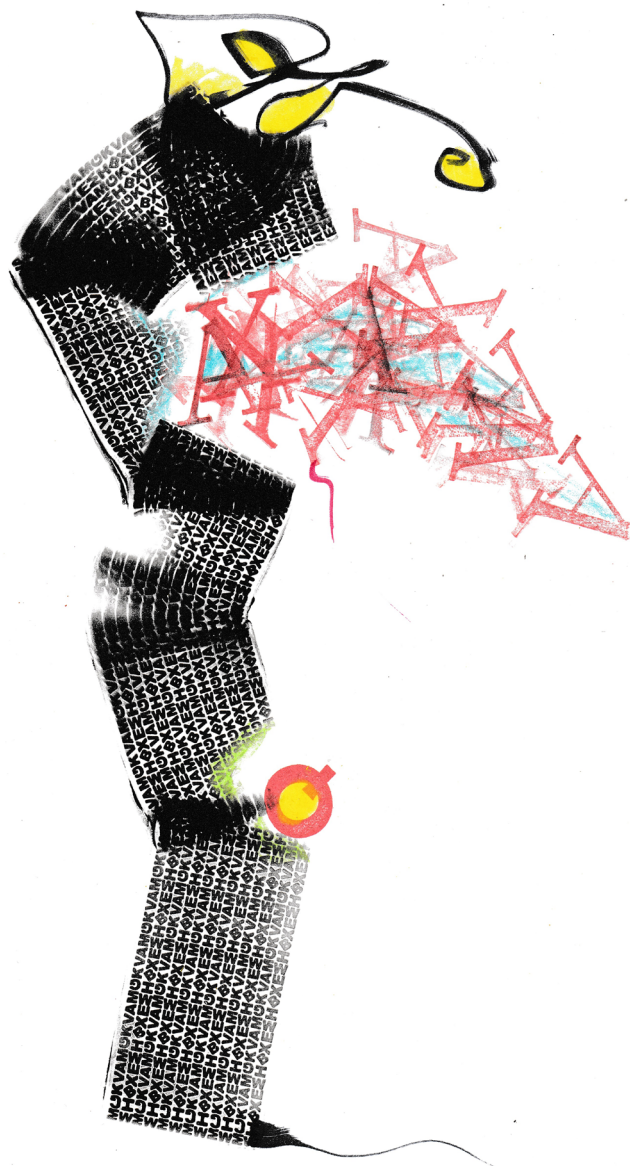
hands in the bowl

no
thing
known un
known at fast
EAT THE MAGGOT TABLE

what's blood forgot what's
shot along the border
clump mind fell
your teeth
yankt out
his
sing
corpse



deinexcomprehensible
what I “slough” or
thought I
is ink
RED & BLIND



Espejo de la Máscara del Espejo

...f...l...ail...

Seeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

p p orched face in
cara ,tumba viva y
lo moho in the throat
jes puma que cae
en la playa es tu
lengua es the stri dent
si lens de tu foc o
flamífero es! lumbre)na
med the beady eyes the
Al y Mojada wh(ere
yr ref lexive sleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

p p)))hEaves an ch
okes

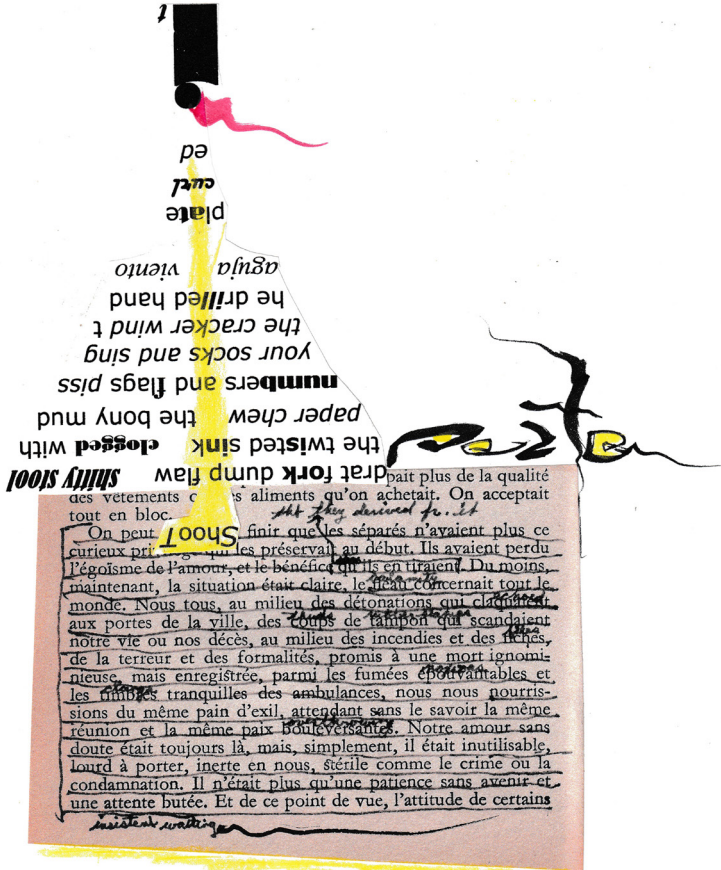
hks

s, plas tic
tin king c up
unch the

...ni l'eau ni l'air...
- José Maria de Heredia

...vers...
- Isidore Ducasse

sublimation



John M. Bennett avec Albert Camus et anonyme 12.23.21

The night air
filled with a flower's
fragrant howl
but before we go on
what sounds better
a flower's fragrant howl
or the fragrant
howl of flowers?
In a perfect world
it's all the same.
But that's not
the important thing.
The important thing
is to enjoy each moment.
A cloud lays its raindrops
in the world's nest
and if one hatches
an infant puddle appears.
Many of the happiest days
of my life are still to come.

Jason Heroux · *Dark Harbor of Rooms*

A mysterious wind blew Sunday's clouds into Monday's sky.
Plus the old man walking across the street
died last night in my sleep.

At zero one hundred hours
my room will set sail from the room to rest
in the dark harbor of rooms.

Officer, I'd like to lodge a complaint against
the person who claims to be me when I'm not quite myself.
He swears the window's glass hand peels the white orange

of the moon but I know in my heart
the white orange of the moon is peeled by a window's glass
hand.

When I move the vacuum around I know in my heart my dust
will rise like fallen rain returning to the sky.

Jason Heroux · *Sorry, We're Closed*

Even after it's turned
the open sign remains
open inside the store.

While some would prefer to come back
as a bird or a tree or even a rock,
there's always one or two
who want to plunk their spirits
down in their old selves,
the next time around.
Turns out, they just love the
life they're living,
from what they look like
in the mirror
to the friends in their clique,
the family they were gifted,
even the brains in their head...
not too much, not too little.
And there are others
who change their minds
somewhere in the conversation.
Sure soaring through the air,
living two hundred years,
or a calm, metallic eternity
have their good points
but, better yet,
would be to beat
these chosen ones to their next life,
be absorbed by a better body,
a circle of more engaging intimates,
embraceable parents and siblings,
and, as for brains...
why not too much.
Even better,
with the top of the line all taken,
the fortunate ones in this life

would have to settle
on being a geek, someone homely,
maybe even a toad or a prickly bush.
None of them believe in reincarnation of course.
But they do believe in
dissatisfaction and contentment.

John Grey · *Search Party*

A girl goes into the woods
and, despite a huge search party,
is never found.

She could have stayed home
or gone shopping
or met up with her lover
some place convenient to both.

But she parted from
her ordinary human comfort zone
for a place where foliage reigns,
light is dark, east is west,
orientation is a trickster.

I don't know the girl
but I am sitting in a coffee house
sipping on java
with a newspaper spread out before me
and her picture smiles back at me.

I go looking in the words,
that other wilderness.
I get tangled in branches.
I trip on the roots of trees.
I am as lost
as anyone who longs for
the girl to be rescued.
No search party comes after me.

John Grey · *Your Russian Trip*

You look into the eyes of factory workers,
coming and going –
for a sign of life, of shared values,
anything to assure yourself
you won't be at war with these people
in five years time,
that the machines that churn out washing machines
won't be retooled for making bullets and bombs.

It's another side to travel – peacemaking.
So you work on an expression that says,
“I am not the enemy.”
But the workers shuffle by,
barely notice you exist.
A rich American tourist
with a humanitarian side to him -
life is hard enough
without it being contemptuous enough.

Every day,
same time, same place,
he plays the flute
on the station platform,
with a small can at his feet,
its mouth open,
begging for coins.

He's so lost in the music
that the clatter
of dimes and quarters
doesn't take him down a note.

Song's so familiar,
so catchy,
folks board the train
whistling that tune.

Don't stop
until they reach their destination,
and are greeted by
the usual guy with a long gray pony-tail,
back against the wall,
strumming old Dylan songs,
with his cap at the ready
for loose change.

Folks climb the stairs,
out into the open air,
humming "The Times
They Are A-Changin'."
Except they're not.

Into the bamboo patch
a fishing pole to
cut
stung by a yellow
jacket's nest
all night in front
of a fan
sweet sorrow's
rest
till tomorrow at
the pier
deep, blue, cold
oh how nature's
sympathy
tender loving caress
washed of pain and
filled with life's breath.

Daniel Barbare · *The Old House*

The house was in the woods
dilapidated and broken
with the smell
of age
the shade of the trees
that must have seen
who came and went
through its doors
as the creek still flows
babbles along
the life blood that
remembers
the land
the old as the time is new
no doubt of where it's been.

My elderly mother
sits tucked away on
an historic & quiet
cul de sac near the
Plaça Catalunya
dispensing alter-
native therapies &
theories singly or
in discounted multi-
packs. She is an
exercise in mini-
malism, resembling,
to some degree, a
bathroom or a ward-
robe with sliding
doors but without
the fitted mirrors.

Merry-go-rounds, dance
platforms, a playlist created
by Spazgls. Or, pick an
animal & say: the relationship
must hold even though the
diameter of the pipe decreases.
I slate the openings. Contents /
previous section / next
section / remove. The words
have no value in themselves.

*

I can't seem to stop
pinning images of neon brights
& travel-themed photos
outside the former shopping
center. I have set up
bright orange cones in
different formations which,
with music, deplete the
fossil water in the World's
breadbaskets. The strategy
is almost complete. The new
signs have paid off handsomely.

from raucous comedy—
Hé fú, adj neki bátran! Jó
öreg gépem Lakótelep—
for the moment, with its
shots of silent movie stars
embedded in optically
transparent resin, what
Mr. Foo implies, & what
other ultra-radical-right-
wing-extremists maintain
is that, due to a careless mis-
calculation from centigrade
to Fahrenheit, the titanium
plates decorated with
romantic scenes of shepherds
& girls fetching water
which have traditionally
been used to demonstrate
whether carbon nanotubes
could be made into strong
lightweight body armor
now only serve to exaggerate
the passions & vices which
are concealed within. True,
this controversy is of course
not new—"The Midwest is
always slow to catch on," &
"You need to find a doctor
familiar with the muscles
of facial animation," say the
genetic engineers—but we
should brace ourselves for
merely a top ten finish in
the next Olympic Games.

Joshua Martin · *Kinetic looming empty stage*

Illumination poured down
 biting deathbed said::
 “We define episodic squirming by a cathedral”
/ / / / / invariable members of parliament squeeze.

Ethical lotion neglects origami
Saturday a three-mile limerick.

City late picks a height
adjusts immortal deathbed
sanctuaries flicker abstractions.

Joshua Martin · *Sparked avenging sunken plaza*

Redecorated genealogical hand grenades
]stuffing promises INTO grotto[.
At birthplace of commemorative messiah
, the ages pump patterns into ancient recipes.

Digested cardamom inhales skillet
 [drizzling] [BRONZE AGE] chronological
 [TOMB] of the [NecKlAcE] bandits.

Missing [!] :::

co-translation plagues
sending EaRthQuAkeS into
adventures >>>

A caring seed digs for wordplay
, accepts aesthetic failures
,, shapes authority to suit fragmented
claims >>>

//

Forged scrolls ReNeW tidbits
but puzzle ministers into
alliterative personifications
,,, [synonymous botanical rigidities
fill the skies w/ sterling cushions
praised as indulgent , cursed as
preventative sparking wallet] ,,,

>>>

Inscriptions frenzied & scholarly
preserve ageless cults of TeXtS >>> .

Damage supplants slothful pace
 favored T-shaped cycle
 disentangled cat
 image emerging as doubt
 , through
 violent swinging incomprehensible
 waves , pathological
 ego encrusted an
 aspect unmanageable to brain
 s c a n .

Each biblical brother
 , network of potluck ,
 dishing sidesteps , soak up
 parachute , yoyo spark
 , speak ,to speak , to
 raw forest devil ,
 slow gemstone down the page
 , “Mine!” shouts house
 plant Tour de France.

forkel feixte
es wuchs platt

schlick tief das
kalte konnte

austern wann immer
ebbe und flut.

Steffen M. Diebold · *feierabendregen ("haiku"-dublette)*

quirrlige amseln
tackern ihn uns in tropfen
auf die terrasse.

in wohlverdientem
müßiggang nehmen wir ein
erfrischendes bad.

s pecht

c

h

l

u

c

k

c

u

l

h

c

s pecht

eine ehemalige
bordsteinschwalbe
lag auf dem stahltisch.

ein loch im schädel
und drei promille
knackte man sie auf

wie ein brathuhn
mit rippen-
schere und spreizer.

Steffen M. Diebold · *bilingual* ("senryū"-doublette)

survival is *not*
learnable; you simply got
a *unique* attempt.

überleben *kann*
man nicht erlernen; man hat
nur *einen* versuch.

a	a	a	a	a	a
b	b	b	b	b	b
a	a	a	b	b	c
a	b	b	a	b	c
b	a	b	b	a	b

Steffen M. Diebold · *progress (slogan)*

das ist gut!

das ist sehr gut!

das ist opodeldok!

for ages homeless

the eel out of
mud out of
water sd
Aristotle

fallen
from
the sky
or out of the
fallen tail hairs
of horses sd
the Brits

so if you
believe in eels
you can

believe

VII.

burst
Scylla

woke

a
writhing

swell
a

hissing
spray

known
masks

VIII.

the
wings
built

from
world
things

disjointed

brown
isles

flutter-
ing

much
too

fast

much
too

in
and

out
of

exis-
tence
to

be
seen

as
entirely

in
and

of
this

worl
d

Patrick Sweeney · *short forms*

eaten off her broken nail
the astringent taste
of rhubarb

he tilted his Bycocket
and dreamed an old
dream

they took turns explaining the joke to me

not enough Aristotle to make the first move

a line of taw for my own 'glass bead game'

my one-balled brother horse-pissing off the back deck

deep summer butter slathered on a hunk of rye

little prayers the 'you never know' of it all

the crooked wig of public transportation

Uncle Eddie hooked his belt loops a thousand times a day

